



# SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



## GAYETY RUNS RIOT IN BERLIN SOCIETY

Social Germany is Sordid Spectacle in Mad Rush for Worldly Pleasure.

BERLIN, Nov. 19.—It is a difficult task—the search for a new ideal in Germany today. Often one is tempted to give it up altogether. Social Germany presents a sorry picture. The industrial and economic ravages of the last seven years have not failed in their effects. In the luxurious holiday resorts one is reminded of the "Decline and Fall." Here one can see how our civilization will end if nothing is done to alter the present trend of events.

Everything is a mad rush for pleasure. In places like Baden-Baden, called "le petit Paris," you imagine you are at the Oscar races. Every afternoon the cafes, restaurants and hotels are filled with elegantly dressed and bejeweled men and women.

Long motor tours are undertaken. Though the charge for a taxicab is 600 marks (at the pre-war rate of exchange \$120) for an afternoon. In the evening the hotels and "bars" and "Dicks" are filled with revellers, dancing and drinking. The latter is compulsory in every public place there is "Wein-Swing." You are not admitted to any cafe whatsoever unless you undertake to consume wine or champagne. It is a useful source of profit for the cafe owner, and of profit for the state.

"Our Dissolute Society." The deterioration in manners and morals which results may be imagined. Those Germans who care about their country speak sadly of "unsere volkette Gesellschaft" ("our dissolute society.")

In the public dancing halls in Berlin chairs are removed and rugs and cushions take their place—the divans of old Rome. Girls cannot be in the street alone after dark. There is a mania for sex plays—Wedekind, Schnitzler, Sudermann are played in every large town, while the output of plays and operas and dramas on the same subject seems never-ending. At the same time the classical favorites are by no means neglected, and performances of Shaw and Shakespeare, as well as modern and ancient German authors are attended by enthusiastic and crowded houses.

A great national festival is being prepared for Gerhart Hauptmann's 60th birthday next year, and so great is German veneration for their art that the dramatist-poet is even spoken of as a possible future president of the republic.

For the militarism we fought to eradicate in Germany we have substituted a possibly worse vice—militarism run mad.

There is no conversation except of prices and exchanges. Middle classes and workers (whose children would be long dead were it not for the magnificent work of the "Quaker-Speismann" in all of the big centers) have to talk of the means of livelihood in order to make both ends meet, the rich divide their time between wondering how to grow richer and wondering how long they will be allowed to keep their wealth. It is not a promising atmosphere for the birth of a new Germany.

Third Class and No Hats. Although among the upper classes and war profiteers expenditure is so extravagant, there are evidences of some forms of economy. No German travels first class on the railways; very few second class. The great majority travel third, although the seats are not padded, and some even fourth. Another form of economy is hatlessness in the most elegant promenades in town and country, there is hardly a hat to be seen.

In the hotels practically everything in the way of food can be obtained. But certain reminiscences of war remain. For instance, in the appearance of black bread for breakfast—unless white rolls are specially ordered at a mark apiece—in the badness of the butter—for 32 marks a pound—in the substitute coffee, and the scarcity of milk.

In even the biggest hotels it is customary for guests to keep food in their bedrooms to bring down to the dining hall their own pairs of butter or jam; and it is a common sight to see them pocketing the remains of breakfast or tea—pairs of butter, lumps of sugar, a cake, a roll, and even black bread and paper serviettes.

Because taxes are so high hotel proprietors seem to have invented every conceivable way of profit-making, including that of underpaying their staff. A 15-year-old lift boy, too ashamed for some time to confess what his earnings were, revealed at last that he was getting 40 marks a month (today about two shillings); he was the eldest of a family of eight.

History Repeats Herself! John—Who was it who said, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer?"

Tommy—I don't know her name, but she's the fresh dame who makes my party line a perfect hell.—Way-side Tales.

Not Sentimental! She—Don't you just love to motor in the moonlight?

He (without looking up from the fluttering road)—Yes. It gives a fellow a better chance to fix the wipers.—Way-side Tales.

His Breath. He—I can hold my breath two minutes!

She—You don't say! And it's pretty strong tonight, too.—Way-side Tales.

He's Married. "What's his present salary?" "He says it's never present long enough to know!"—Way-side Tales.

In beginning to teach some deaf mutes the art of speech they are first placed before a mirror and taught to form with their lips the vowel sounds.

## EVELYN NESBIT YEARS AGO AND THE SAME FACE TODAY



BY ALICE ROHE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Time and trouble have made great changes in Evelyn Nesbit.

On her face is written the story of the little butterfly who came to Broadway, was ensnared in the web of Stanford White, sacrificed herself to save Harry Thaw from the death chair, bore a son whom Thaw refused to recognize as his own, later divorced and married Jack Clifford—a union that was the culmination of her unhappiness.

The other day Evelyn Nesbit, facing the failure of the tearoom she opened last spring, took poison.

I found her just recovering from its effects. In one hand was a volume of Rabindranath Tagore; in the other a butcher's bill, which she was protesting.

Her "Specialty Shop" was crowded to the door—not a table vacant. Personally, few figures in the public eye appeal to me with so tragic a pathos as Evelyn Nesbit.

What a Change!

Sitting opposite this young woman with the strained and strange eyes, I couldn't help recalling the slim young girl, a child in fact, from whose eyes the wonder look had not yet vanished before she was plunged into the vortex of life.

"I don't want to talk about what I did the other day," said Miss Nesbit. "That is past. The only way to face the future is to forget the past. Of course, I'm still feeling ill—but mentally I feel strong to face and fight life anew."

"Why did I do it? Surely you know that we all get moments when we feel we just can't go on."

An Artistic Nut! "But all this experience is necessary for my development—even the haggard details of this restaurant. I'm an artistic nut and I need business balance! Why did I choose a restaurant? I was sick with everything pertaining to the stage. A specialty shop—well, you'll admit good food is certainly a specialty in New York."

"All my experiences must help me. I've got to have courage—you'll admit I've had courage in my life."

Sixteen tragic years have left their indelible imprint on the face of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Clifford. At the left is a picture of Evelyn taken years ago, when her troubles were few; at the right is her latest photograph.

But this is a different age in which we are living. Men no longer dominate us. People are more generous to women. They will give her a chance.

"My philosophy of life, I—" She picked up Tagore's "Personality." "This expresses it better than I can."

She read a couple of pages. It had to do with woman's position in the world as well as that of man. It certainly gave woman the best of it.

I meditated who better than Evelyn Nesbit has a right to philosophize on these lines?

Strange Visitors.

We were interrupted by the approach of an Indian tea merchant.

"There is a scholar and a gentleman," she said. "Oh how much further the oriental man has gone intellectually than we have!" "Shopenhauer, despite his views on women, is one of my favorite philosophers," she was saying when a Japanese artist who does sketches of you while you wait occupied her attention for a moment.

I spoke of her child.

"Russell—oh, he is beautiful! He is living with my mother in Pittsburgh. He has a wonderful future ahead of him professionally; he is already in the movies."

Still thinking of the child, I

walked into the refreshing rain, meditating on the tragic waste in life's endless circle.

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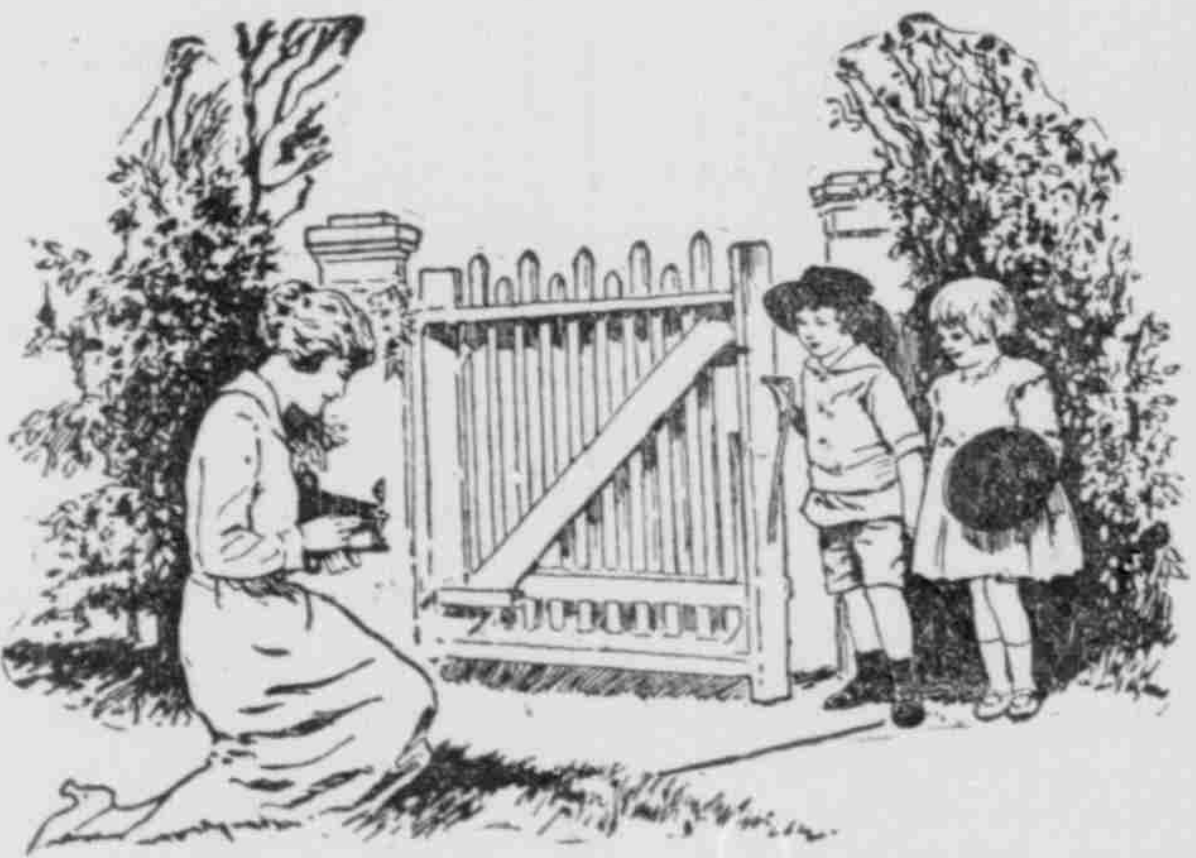
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## Looking Back

All the money in the world could not buy that picture, my son—"It was a little home-made photograph of my sister and myself at play which my mother showed me, as a proud smile of recollection came to her face."

"I remember the day well—the picture revives the pleasant memories of childhood. It has since come to me; and with it another—even more dear—my mother, standing at the gate. My father took the one of mother."

Even though he had no other pictures than these two this man would feel rich in their possession. He knows the value of having a camera or kodak in the home. Do you?

### KODAK AS YOU GO!

And remember a memorable record of these keen, enjoyable Autumn Hunting Excursions.

### THEN—

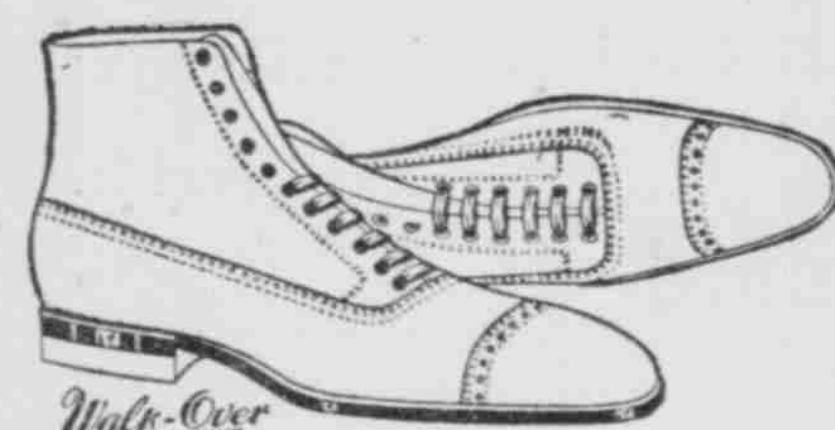
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If you wish to cut down your shoe bills take advantage of these sale prices during this week. We have reduced our stock of WALK-OVER Shoes to normalcy during this sale so that after this week our entire stock will go back to regular prices.

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